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234 West Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

YOUR SMILE.
There's a laugh in the voice of the breeze,
my sweet,
There's a dance in the swaying grass,
And a robin is singing his best, my sweet,
He must have seen you pass;
And the world is merry and gay, my sweet,
Because that you love but me,
And because you have smiled on me
kindly, sweet,
Why earth is heavenly.
The river is singing a song, my sweet,
In its silvery course to the sea;
The flowers in the sun's bright ray,
my sweet,
Spring up on the winding lea.
The clouds have passed away, my sweet,
And the skies are an azure hue,
And waters and flowers, and all, my
sweet,
Are telling of naught but you.
Tis thus in the light of your smile, my
sweet,
The gloom fades fast away,
And the stream of my life runs calm and
clear,
Cheerful in its gladd'ning ray;
And my hours are filled with flowers, my
sweet,
Of Happiness, Hope and Love,
Wooded by the beams of your kindness,
like
The sun in the skies above.
And the Father who lavished these
beauties, sweet,
To deck the glorious earth,
Fashioned you, too, and dowered your
mind
With treasures of ponderous worth.
And this song with the coming of spring,
my sweet,
Doth find in my heart its clew,
And there's nothing that would not sing,
my sweet,
If it only thought of you.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

No house that has a child in it should be without a Christmas tree when Christmas eve rolls around. That is one of the pleasures I would fain have every little child, the highest and the lowest born, enjoy. And it does not cost much to have a Christmas tree—so little that every one with a home can well contrive one. And it will be a source of joy, both to recollection and anticipation the year through. Moreover, the pleasure for it, the trimming it, will cheer the hearts of those who thus give themselves up to unselfish effort at making others happy. Never shall I forget the first time I assisted at preparing for and decorating a real home Christmas tree for four little children—how happy it made them, and how happy it made me. The only cloud upon my pleasure was the thought of all the ecstatic joy my own childhood had missed. As for them they carried the memory of it as a time of unexampled bliss and brightness with them throughout the year, nor ever once found aught but joy in recalling it and talking of it. Again, I say that no house that has a child in it should be without a Christmas tree when Christmas eve rolls around. If you can afford but a little one, two or three feet high, do not covet a larger tree, but make the small one as pretty as possible. Set it in an empty wooden box, fix it there securely and cover the box neatly with paper or glazed muslin, and stand it on a table where it will show off to the most advantage. Hang on it some apples, oranges, a few strings of snowy pop corn, some cotton balls, a few of the pretty gilt balls sold on the streets at eight and ten cents a string, a few candy toys, and light it with five or ten cents' worth of tapers, and you will think there never was such a radience on earth before as the brightness of your children's eyes when they see it.

MISSION OF GOOD HOMES.

We have spoken of the curse of snobbery. The surest and quickest way to crush it out of American society is to teach our children to value others and estimate their own worth by what they can produce that is useful and do what is beneficial to others. And that their business in life is not to see how much pleasure they can get, but how much they can give. Instead therefore of weakly clinging to our children and making them weak by pampering them in the home, let us feel that our part or theirs is not done until we have taught them to be strong and forbear, to do for themselves and carry help and cheer to others. Let us not hamper their careers with our vain regrets at their leaving us, but help them in all upward, onward tendencies.

PRETTY CEREMONY.

On the feast of St. Agnes, January 21, a beautiful ceremony takes place in the ancient church outside the walls of Rome. It consists of the blessing of the lambs, two pretty white ones being carried up to the altar by two ecclesiastics, accompanied by torch and incense bearers. A hymn is sung in honor of St. Agnes and the lambs are then conveyed to the Holy Father for a second blessing. They are then given to a convent of nuns who keep them until it is time to shear them. Out of their wool are made the palliums worn by Archbishops.

A novel and dainty way of cooking little new onions is to boil them and serve them on toast, similar to asparagus.

POTEEN.

How Illicit Whisky Is Made in Large Quantities in Ireland.

Long Experience Has Made Even the Gossoons Expert Brewers.

Some of the Many Tricks Played Upon the Excise Officers.

PRIMITIVE SURVIVALS IN CONNAUGHT

Despite the unending activity of the police, "poteen," illicit whisky, is brewed in large quantities in Ireland, says the Kansas City Star. Numerous arrests and convictions have had no permanent effect in stamping out the "poteen runners," and in all likelihood the people will always be within reach of a "cup of th' crathur."

A "running," sad to relate, in most cases usually follows one or more of the poorer families being plunged into debt. A cow, pig or other animal may have died, perhaps the potato crop is not up to expectations, or the oats have given a small return, and there are a few pounds necessary to settle with the landlord. As it takes very small capital to start a "still," soon the news is flying across the hills and bogs that "there's goin' to be a chance to kill a dhrop of the rare thing."

From the oozy depths of the turf banks the several parts of the still are uncovered, where they are hidden from the quick eyes of the "lime-coated gentle-men." On a dark night the still is set up in some desolate and forsaken corner, and always in a place where the entire countryside can be searched with the naked eye.

In the western part of Connaught and the islands lying a few miles off the coast in the Atlantic ocean the "poteen workin'" is carried on to a great extent. Here the people have changed little during the past 100 years, and a few of the common conveniences of modern civilization are known. A quern, the same crude mill that was used in the Holy Lands in Biblical times, is still used in that country. The quern is two stones fitted together. A hole in the top stone receives the grain, which is prepared for grinding by being dried over the turf fire in an iron pot. By turning the top stone the grain is passed through the stones, and finally falls from the rough sides into a white cloth spread on the ground for its reception. Nearly all the meal consumed by the natives of the districts mentioned is ground in querns, the crushing of oats for poteens being only one of its many duties.

In a "rare Irish still," while the liquor is just beginning to trickle through the worm into the cup, and until there is a "tidy sup of spirits" in the small keg, the children will superintend matters. Long experience in spite of tender years has made these "gossoons" expert brewers, and more than once the "sargent and his min" have been foiled by these tricky youngsters. The simplicity of the still will be seen at a glance. The turf fire sends the steam through the connecting pipe in the copper worm into the barrel. The barrel is filled with cold water, which condenses the steam and sends forth "th' genuine stuff."

Little attention is paid to the age of the poteen in Ireland. The worm works very slowly when compared with the demand for the output, therefore age becomes a secondary matter. In fact it drops out of the reckoning altogether. There is only one case on record of poteen "ripeuin," and that when it was buried in a garden and its place of concealment forgotten. However, that is another story.

When the "wee dhrop" has been successfully run public interest in it reaches an acute stage. If the still is located on an island in the lake, as is often the case, at a given time the "cots," long, flat bottomed boats, will be seen ahoaring out from the shores of the mainland and making for their destination by circumlocution routes. The cots are beached at different places and left in positions admitting of ready escape. Soon the fringe of natives around the still grows into a well-defined circle. The "runner" of the still stands over a keg of liquor with a tin cup in one hand and with the other keeping a firm grasp on the wooden "tap" that draws off the poteen. In bottles of all shapes and unkes the liquor is carried away, and the demand for mugs and cups far exceeds the supply. Shillings and sixpences are taken out of the corners of colored handkerchiefs where they have long lain toward a settlement with the landlord on rent day.

Not a penny piece available in the townland but will go to swell the "runner's" pile unless the "missis" at home interferes, which she seldom does. Indeed, there would be more chance for trouble were her husband to return to the house without a "wee dhrop" of brandy. If one man runs short of money another

has a sixpence or two to spare, so that before the gathering has been long on the island there are signs of over-indulgence. By and by this one and that dispose themselves on the grass to get a much needed nap. There is a big decrease in the call for mugs and cups, and a decided increase in the amount of noise. This even grows sometimes, despite many recruits to the ranks of the sleepers. Then, in most cases, the cry "Police! Police!" will come echoing over the waters. An instant all is excitement. The wooden tap is pulled out of the keg and a hung inserted. Such of the sleepers as can not be aroused are flung bodily into the boats, and when the still has been shipped a mad race begins. The policemen are in a large boat patterned after a lifeboat. Everything seems to favor them in the pursuit, and yet they gain but little on their prey. It is at once noticed how expert the countrymen handle their oars compared with the "peelers" who lack practice.

Gradually the unfailing regularity of the "cot men" begins to hold their pursuers even, and when the excitement of the chase has to an extent counteracted the effect of the poteen their increased strength of arms sends them ahead. When the gsp is seen to be widening loud cheers come from the pursued. Such as are not rowing wave their arms and hats wildly and shout derisively at the policemen. The latter now know that they are on a wild goose chase, but at least they must bend to the work for a little while longer so as to live up to the duties imposed on them. One by one, however, they rest their oars, and soon they are talking it over and laughing the while they blame the luck which gave them such exertion without results.

Oftentimes the pursuit takes place on land, and here the police generally succeed in making a haul. The poteen drinkers are not half so lively in escaping ashore as afloat, and besides the "bolhies" are all active men. Over bogs and hills such as are able to scatter and run for dear life. A coat is thrown away here, a waistcoat there, suspenders are unlatched, the hard leather belts tightened a hole, and if the pace is a "killer," the old cloth hat held in hand will follow the rest of the wardrobe. At the start the police also scatter in order to capture the most prisoners. In this way the pursuers frequently find themselves great distances apart at the end of a long chase. The great object is to arrest the owners of the still. When this is accomplished the victim seldom escapes a heavy fine or else imprisonment. Many amusing incidents are recorded of police being led into traps by the pursued. On one occasion a policeman found himself in a bog hole nine feet deep and from which escape was well nigh impossible. His comrades had gone in an opposite direction, and no one heard his cries save a couple of his intended victims. They hauled him out of the mire, and when he stood on the bank, a perfect picture of dejection, one of his rescuers suggested "th' best remedy in the world for a duckin'."

It was never known how much poteen the three consumed before they parted, but Mickey's Pat was always willing to swear that they "wor that bad they couldn't till their own fathers."

The bog hole covered the sins of the policeman, and it was rumored afterward when the sergeant heard of the occurrence he declared: "Och, wasn't I fool! I didn't think of such a thick myself."

STORIES OF O'CONNELL.

The London Daily News tells two good stories of Daniel O'Connell, both of which will be new to most readers. He once remarked in a casual way to a pamphleteer of whose powers he had no very high opinion: "By the way, I saw a good thing in that pamphlet of yours the other day." "What was that?" asked the blushing author. "A pound of butter," was the crushing retort. O'Connell's great rival at one time was Sergeant Tom Gould (pronounced Gold). He was a confirmed old bachelor, but when eighty years of age proposed and was accepted by a maiden of eighteen summers. The engagement was announced by Gould to O'Connell in verse, concluding thus:

"So you see, my dear Dan, that thought eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould.

In replying, the witty Dan indicted the following couplet:
That a girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true;
But believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without you (u.).

O'Connell was defending a Galway man on a charge of sheep stealing. The case looked very black against his client, so Daniel betrothed himself of a strata-gem. He told the prisoner to feign inclemency and every time he was spoken to simply whistle and say in Irish, "Pag mar shin e!" (leave it as it is). The trial came off in due course and on being asked to plead the prisoner whistled and said, "Pag mar shin e!" repeating this phrase every time he was addressed. Finally the Judge discharged him as being incapable of knowing right from wrong. Meeting the prisoner in the street, O'Connell said, "What about my wife?" Whereupon the wily culprit assumed an air of simplicity and whistled in O'Connell's face, saying "Pag mar shin e!" as he walked off with his friends, leaving O'Connell to "whistle" for his fee.

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352 SECOND STREET,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Christmas Turkeys,

Game of All Kinds,

You can always find the best the market affords in Choice Cuts of Beef, Spring Lamb, Pork, Cured Meats and Dressed Poultry of all kinds. Also the Best and Purest Lard in the city. They also carry

Early Fruits and Vegetables!

In fact, everything that a first class market should have. All meats sold are inspected by the United States Government Inspectors—the only market that has that advantage.

Northeast Corner Hancock and Breckinridge.

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Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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LOUISVILLE
Sewer Pipe Works

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OLD DAN'L BOONE WHISKEY.
TO SUPPLY THE SICK, CONVALESCENTS, & FAMILIES.
With An Absolutely Pure Product, Have Secured Control Of The Famous Kentucky Brand And Will Sell It At DISTILLERY Prices.

6 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$2.00 PER PINT 25¢
8 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$3.00 PER PINT 40¢
10 YEAR OLD PER GALLON \$4.00 PER PINT 50¢
Shipped Any Where!

JACK.

PAT.

AHERN'S SALOON

N. W. COR. CLAY AND MAIN STS.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Up Stairs Over English Woolen Mills Store



One Door West of the Big Store.

IDEAL DENTISTRY

at reasonable prices at the

**Mammoth
Painless Dental
Parlors,**

436 and 438 W. Market Street.

Superb Crown and Bridgework. Ele-
gant Gold and Porcelain Crown. Best
equipped office in the city.**LOUIS A. BRORING, D. D. S.,**
PROPRIETOR.**GEHER & SON**A Complete Assortment of the
Latest Styles and Best Makes of**Cooking and Heating****STOVES,****Cast and Steel Ranges**

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Platform Spring Dump Wagons and Carts

Farm, Plantation and Spring Wag-
ons, Carts, Drays, Etc., Mud-Tem-
pering Wheels, Mud and Brick
Wheelharrow. Work guaranteed.**WENTZELL BROTHERS**

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Beef, Veal, Lamb

Pork, Sausage and Lard.

2618 PORTLAND AVE.

B. J. BRUMLEVE

Dealer in All Kinds of

Hay, Corn, Oats,Mill Feed, Salt, Lime,
Cement, Axle Grease
and Bedding.

815 Sixteenth, Bet. Walnut and Madison.

M. MURPHY

1733 Portland Ave.,

RETAIL GROCERLarge stock of provisions
and vegetables always on
hand. Fruits, Nuts and
Candies of all kinds.
This is the place to buy
your**CHRISTMAS TURKEY.**We also carry a complete line of
Canned Goods and special brands
of fine Wines and Liquors.**Brown Leghorn Eggs****5 CENTS.****CHARLES L. JACQUES,**
2422 St. Xavier.How Brown Leghorns Lay—Twelve
hens and pullets laid 1,233 eggs in 1899;
Jan., 12; Feb., 20; March, 187; April,
133; May 142; June, 118; July, 137; Aug.,
151; Sept. 111; Oct., 83; Nov., 83; Dec.,
51.

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IMPOSSIBLE

To Be a Good Catholic and
Not Be a Good Citizen.Archbishop Elder's Words of
Counsel to Young Men's
Institute.Benefits of Membership Therein
Are Simply Beyond
Calculation.

ADVICE FROM SUPREME CHAPLAIN

In his name, will add to the combined efforts of all his own infinite efficiency. Your motto proclaims your allegiance not only to God but also to your country. In other words, your aim is to be not merely good Catholics, but likewise good citizens. These two aims you have joined together, because you are conscious that one is the effect of the other. To be a good Catholic and not be a good citizen is simply an impossibility. To be a good Catholic means to respect authority and to uphold its bands in all lawful measures, since to obey authority means to obey God himself, in whom authority originates and from whom it proceeds. To be a good Catholic means love of the neighbor, since we are all children of the same loving Father, redeemed equally in the blood of his only begotten son. To be a good Catholic means respect for the rights of others, towards all, forgiveness of injuries; in a word, it means that charity which deals with others as we would wish others to deal with ourselves. Suppose these principles to be transplanted as they should be, into the daily life and walks of society, what would be the result? Would anarchy dare raise its head in a country believing that obedience to lawful authority is obedience to God himself?

To the Members of the Young Men's Institute—My Dear Children in Christ: As your Supreme Spiritual Director it behoves me, at the close of the year, to address you a few words of counsel and encouragement. The motto inscribed on the banner of the Young Men's Institute, "For God and For Country," indicates the two-fold work of your organization—work that constitutes your proudest boast and entitles you to the gratitude of the church and of society. Unlike the foolish man who built his house upon the sand, you have laid the foundation of your institute upon the rock of ages—God himself, without whose assistance they who build the house build it but vain. Recognizing that to Him alone belong the first fruits of whatever is good in man—be it body, will or intellect—you proudly yet humbly proclaim that obedience to Him and to his law is the principle nearest and dearest to the heart of every member of the Young Men's Institute. On the other hand, as Catholics you know that the cause of God and the cause of the church are identical. In the church you recognize the living organ and mouth-piece of God. To be faithful to the church. God, then, speaking to man through the church, and the church revealing God and his holy will to man, are the cardinal principles to which every member of your order pledges his allegiance.

But the crying needs of modern society, in which God is relegated to the realms of the unknown, is not unknowable, can not fully be met by mere individual action, however exalted that action may be. When an organized army invades a country mere guerrilla warfare is not enough; organized forces must be opposed by other organized forces before the invader can be repelled. Hence the necessity among Catholics of associations like your own, to meet on equal terms the banded foes of God and his church. The associations, moreover, herald to the world those cardinal religious principles, treasured indeed in the individual Catholic conscience, but less liable to be known and appreciated than when put forth by an organized society. Further still the benefits conferred upon the individual member by an organization like the Young Men's Institute are simply beyond calculation. Each member acts upon other members and their actions affects him in turn. To the less enthusiastic the more enthusiastic impart their enthusiasm. To the less gifted the more gifted communicate their higher aspirations. The man of action instills some of his own energy into the man of counsel, whilst the man of counsel infuses some of his own caution into the man of action. Thus even the natural effect of Catholic associations will be to raise each member above his own individual level, whilst God himself, who has promised to be in the midst of two or three gathered

SPRING BANK LITHIA WATER

LIVER AND KIDNEY.

TELEPHONE 2106.

Record of the Most Important of
the Recent Events Culled
From Exchanges.The Chief Inspector of Factories has
appointed Dr. J. Aird to be certifying
surgeon under the factory acts for the
Bangor district of County Down.J. J. Hall, son of A. Hall, J. P., Lim-
brick, has been promoted from being
accountant at the Lismore branch of
the National Bank to manager of the
Moate branch.On Tuesday the first anniversary of the
late Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, Lord
Bishop of Dromore, was observed in the
Cathedral, Newry, bis Eminence Cardinal
Logue presiding.The beautiful memorial erected by the
people of Capawhite and other friends
of the late Father Crowe was unveiled
on Sunday in the presence of a large
numbers of spectators.Whilst hunting with the Meath hounds
on Tuesday Capt. Steele, of Cionsilla,
had a bad fall from his horse, which
rolled over him. He suffered a broken
leg and is much prostrated.A. C. Dixon, professor of mathematics
in Queen's College, Galway, has been
appointed professor of mathematics in
Queens' College, Belfast. The Galway
professorship is accordingly vacant.The directors of the Belfast Banking
Company have appointed Joseph Watson
Connelly to be manager of the East End
Branch, Mountpottinger, Belfast, in suc-
cession to the late Robert S. Ferguson.At noon on Monday in the Ulster
Hall, Belfast, a grand hazzar was opened
in aid of the Good Shepherd Home,
Ballynafeigh, by his Lordship the Most
Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and
Couser.At the meeting of the Cork corporation
Barry Galvin was unanimously elected
law agent, and Florence McCarthy was
appointed town clerk by thirty-five votes,
as against nineteen recorded for Michael
Murphy, solicitor.At Castile a man named Joe Wilson,
of Glasgow, alias John Connor, of Mayo,
alias John Collins, of Ballinrobe, alias
John Sweeney, of Clonmel, was re-
manded, charged with robbing a till in
a shop in the main street.On Tuesday night, at the invitation of
the Very Reverend President and Fathers
of Blackrock College, a large number of
the members of the Blackrock College
Union assembled at the college for the
annual concert and convocation.On Saturday the remains of the late
Father Teaffe, of Tullyallen, were inter-
red in the graveyard attached to the
church which he was mainly instrumen-
tal in building. His Eminence Cardinal
Logue presided at the obsequies.On Tuesday a new boat, called the
Countess Grosvenor, was launched from
the boat-building yard recently estab-
lished by the Congested Districts Board
on Arran Island. The christening cere-
mony was performed by the Countess
Grosvenor.At the meeting of the Dublin County
Council Chairman P. J. O'Neill called
attention to the great amount of lunacy
that was produced by intemperance and
the great increase in the cost of lunatic
asylums in Ireland, and moved a resolu-
tion to the effect that the entire of this
rapidly-increasing burden should betransferred from local to imperial taxation.
The resolution was unanimously carried.At Baldriggen a laborer named
Michael Brady, aged about forty-five
years, while employed along with a
mason named Patrick Bisset, fell off the
roof of the Hamilton Arms Hotel, which
they were repairing, through a ladder
slipping. Brady leaves a widow and
three young children to mourn his loss.
Bisset also fell, and received some serious
injuries. The ladder, it appears, was not
safely secured.On Wednesday an accident occurred in
a new wing which is being constructed
in the Convent of the Annunciation,
Mullingar. While removing staves from
under a concrete roof it suddenly col-
lapsed, and Patrick Willis, Joseph Dar-
gan and Patrick Casey were hurled to
the ground. Casey was only slightly
injured, but the others were more seri-
ously hurt, and had to be removed to
Westmeath Infirmary.Our Drogheda correspondent an-
nounces the death of Patrick Byrne, an
old and venerable Mayor of that town,
which took place at his residence, West
street, at the advanced age of eight-five.
He held the Mayoral office in the year
1860, and was the eighteenth Mayor of
the reformed corporation. Until a few
years ago he was President of the Drog-
heada Conference of St. Vincent de Paul,
and held the position of President for
about thirteen years.Minature green copies of the posters
which were torn down by the police in
Mallow last Sunday were found to have
been put up in the glass tops of the
public lamp-posts of the town. This
novel device for spreading the light in
connection with the town laborers' and
artisans' grievances regarding the Town
Commissioners' proposed scheme of
workmen's houses, of which complaint
was made in the destroyed posters re-
ferred to, was also objected to by the
police, who removed the offending circu-
lars by climbing the lamp-posts.On Saturday the body of farmer
William Wilson was found in a
disused limestone quarry at Drunclo,
near Coalisland. The deceased had been
missing since the 3rd inst.—His legs had
been tied together with his suspenders.
A large sum of money was found in his
pockets.The Manchester martyrs' procession
through the streets of Duhil to Glas-
nevin cemetery was the most imposing
for many years. Celebrations of the an-
niversary were also held at Kilkenny,
where the Mayor of Limerick spoke; at
Cork, at Limerick, Waterford, Down-
patrick and elsewhere.T. Newman Harvey died at his resi-
dence, Newton, on Monday. Mr. Har-
vey, who had attained his seventieth
year, was head of the great printing and
bookbinding firm of Harvey & Co., which
gives employment to a large num-
ber of hands. He sat for one of the
Wards in the Waterford corporation, and
his death is much regretted.On Thursday the County Coroner held
an inquest in the Irishtown morgue on
the remains of John Butler, aged twenty-
six, a carpenter and a native of Bally-
glasheen, County Tipperary, who had
been missing since November 2, and who
was found drowned in the river Liffey.
There was no evidence to show how the
deceased had been drowned.Great indignation was evinced by the
Catholic parishioners of Lurgan when it
became known that St. Peter's church
had been entered during Saturday night
or early Sunday morning by some indi-
viduals who had rifled the collection
boxes in the church. From investiga-
tions made it appears that the persons
who committed this outrage had entered
by the sacristy window.Intelligence has reached Newtownards
of a sad drowning accident which oc-
curred at Donaghadee. A woman whose
name is Saunders had been, it appears,
taking her customary walk along the
shore, when she accidentally tripped over
one of the cobbles along the shore wall
and fell into the water. When picked
up it was found life was extinct. She
was unmarried and about seventy years
of age.At the meeting of the Dublin County
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asylums in Ireland, and moved a resolu-
tion to the effect that the entire of this
rapidly-increasing burden should be

transferred to half the circumference.

The friends of John D. Crimmins are
urging Mayor Low to name him for one
of New York's Park Commissioners.
They have impressed the Mayor with
fitness for the office.

IRISH SOCIETY DIRECTORS

A. O. H.

DIVISION I

Meets on the Second and Fourth
day Evenings of Each Month
President—Thomas J. Dolan.
Vice President—Newton G. Rog-
Recording Secretary—Mike Tyne.
Financial Secretary—Peter J. C.
1911 Bank street.
Treasurer—John Mulroy.

DIVISION 2

Meets on the Second and Fourth
day Evenings of Each Month
President—William T. Melhan.
Vice President—Con J. Ford.
Recording Secretary—John J. Smith.
Financial Secretary—John T. Ke-
1335 Rogers street.
Treasurer—Owen Keiran.

DIVISION 4

Meets on the Second and Fourth
day Evenings of Each Month
President—John Heaney.
Vice President—Thomas Lynch.
Recording Secretary—John M.
pie.
Financial Secretary—Joe P.
515 West Chestnut.
Assistant—Dave Reilly.
Treasurer—Harry Brady.

DIVISION 1, JEFFERSONVILLE

Meets on the First and Third Tu-
esday Evenings of Each Month
County President—William Reill.
Vice President—B. A. Coll.
Recording Secretary—John J. Devi-
Financial Secretary—Frank Hogan.
Treasurer—Michael Kinney.
Sentinel—Timothy Lyons.

IRISH-AMERICAN SOCIETY

Meets at Hibernian Hall First and Th-
ursday Evenings of Each Month

President—Joseph Nevin.

First Vice President—Thos. W. Tan-

Second Vice President—Wm. Law-

Recording Secretary—John J. Flynn.

Financial Secretary—Joseph Byrne.

Treasurer—Thomas Keenan.

Sentinel—Timothy Lyons.

HOLIDAY SPECIAL AT

COLEMAN'

1731 Portland Ave.

WASH DRESS GOODS

Blue and Black, 15c per yard.
Mixed Fancy, 50c per yard.
Solid Black Best Serge, 60c.
Extra Heavy Fancy, 85c.
White and Red Fancy Gofy Gloves,
Plantelette, fancy stripe, Persian
up to date shades, 10c per yard.
Laundered Faucy Shirts, extra qual-
only 50c.Fancy Holiday Handkerchiefs, 10c
25c.
Good 10-4 Blankets, 4ic.
Table Damask, new patterns, 15c to 50c.
Latest Silk Neckwear, 25c.
Ladies' Mitts, 5c and upwards.

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

ed to the Moral and Social Advancement of all Irish Americans.

WILLIAM M. HIGGINS, Publisher.

DESCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 5c.

Entered at the Louisville Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

All Communications to the KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN, 326 West Green Street



LOUISVILLE, KY. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The death of Right Reverend Ignor Gammon St. Patrick's morns the loss of a devoted zealous father, the poor a sympathizing help, the diocese an earnest and efficient worker, and the community a devout and exemplary man whose life's work was for the general good and the lightening of the burdens and ills of humanity. The sorrow of all attests the high esteem in which he held. But he lived and labored for the glory of this world. He gone to his reward.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

The value of advertising is well known to every merchant, but the matter of how and where is not so easily settled. It has been decided pro and con in conventions held, in the various trade fairs, on the streets and elsewhere, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that newspaper advertising is the most remunerative form, and brings quicker and more lasting returns.

Now when the shops are full of light and pretty articles displayed most attractively for the holiday upper the merchant who advertises is the one who finds his trade most liberally patronized, and in looking over the day's sales is the one who is most satisfied with the day's business.

In electing a medium for advertising all papers are not of the same value. Many things must be taken into account. The retailer wants a paper that goes right into the family and is read not only by the head of the house but by every member thereof, for each and every one at various times is a purchaser, and this is the trade that is wanted. As only a clean, bright paper will fill this bill, so it is that these papers have the preference.

The wholesaler, while not overlooking the family paper, sees in the trade papers his best medium of communication with his patrons, and also in those periodicals which reach the outlying country districts.

And it is not only the merchants who have found newspaper advertising of unexcelled value, but even the bankers are beginning to see the new light and in the East are using this means of letting the public know where they are situated and that they are ready for want business. So it is with other lines, and it behoves the up-to-date man of affairs to act accordingly. An advertisement in a newspaper of good circulation, set up in attractive form, catches the eye and is read and pondered where other kinds are passed by.

JUDGE DUNNE RIGHT.

Judge Haney, of Chicago, who called his name Hennessy before he was a judge, and who was brought into ridicule and badly beaten in the recent Mayoralty campaign, again appears on the boards, tried down by Judge Dunne. It seems Haney has no love for several Chicago newspapers since the moral election. He recently made a decision in a gas suit, which was subjected to criticism cartooning by the Chicago Tribune.

Haney ordered the attorney and editorial force and the manager were

It was called to aid in relieving the distress of the Boer women and children, to protest against brutality of the war, and to urge the United States Government to use its influences to bring about a cessation of excesses and if possible peace. The meeting was large, including prominent citizens of all parties and creeds; the speakers were Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Archbishop Spalding and others, the speeches and resolutions were devoid of rant, rancor, denunciation or ridicule, and over \$5,000 was subscribed for the Boers. The protests were in the name of civilization and humanity, emphatic but respectful; the request of the Government was as citizens and properly addressed to Congress and the President; do not accuse or condemn the Government for inaction in matters beyond its authority, for what it has already done, nor ask that which it can not consistently grant. Such meetings, respectful protests and requests on the part of citizens command respectful consideration, not only of this government, but of all governments, and will be most likely to produce the desired result, the stopping of brutality, if not the war, in South Africa. Their endorsement by this Government and presentation to the Government of Great Britain, coming from a government at peace and friendly, and for which Great Britain professes friendship, can not be regarded as unfriendly, and is more likely to be effective. Besides, it will probably be the forerunner of similar action by other governments, for as it will be an expression of the public sentiment of the United States, it will point the way for the people of other nations to give expression to their sentiments on what has excited indignation everywhere.

Even the most powerful nation can not withstand public sentiment, and only the vainglorious will attempt it; for public sentiment rules, makes and unmakes governments, after all, armies and navies to the contrary. Such meetings and action as that in Chicago should be held in every city, and the matter pressed upon Congress and the President, and backed by public sentiment, will be pushed to practical and effective results—peaceably if possible, but effective if the United States Government attempts it.

The anti-Chamberlain demonstrations in Germany, which seem to be spreading, are developing into a pro-Boer party, denouncing the British barbarity in South Africa and demanding that the German government intervene to stop it. This is causing grave apprehension in England, where the agitation in favor of the Boers is compared with the agitation in favor of the Cubans in the United States which caused the war with Spain and the liberation of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is argued that the situation and the conditions are the same, and some incident is likely to occur, like the blowing up of the Maine, that may force or give an excuse for Germany or some other power to intervene in behalf of the Boers, causing possibly a general European war, and certain embarrassment if not serious loss to England. This feeling is affecting the stock market and general trade which are already greatly depressed.

President Roosevelt is right about anarchy. It defies and violates all law and rights; teaches, encourages, aids and commits crime; all anarchists, and those who uphold and approve anarchy, aid andabet crime and as such should be amenable to the law, as all other criminals, their aids and abettors; that anarchists should be excluded from this country, and all anarchists in the country deported; anarchist organizations, teachings and literature suppressed and their utterance, publication and circulation prohibited and punished by severe penalties. Anarchy is outlawry, and it and its advocates should be treated as outlaws by all law-abiding governments. Any govern-

ment that refuses or fails to so treat anarchists should be forced to keep and harbor them within its own boundaries, and enjoy the exclusive blessing of their doctrines and efforts to better the conditions of the human race.

That part of President Roosevelt's message referring to labor indicates that the President's views are in accord with the labor unions. If Congress will carry out his suggestions organized labor will gain what it has been pleading and working for, that is so far as the Federal Government has authority to grant it.

Now is the time to remember your friends with a memento that will remind them of you all year. Send them the Kentucky Irish American for a year.

In placing their advertising, merchants should not overlook the Kentucky Irish American, as by going into many families it is an excellent medium.

As a means of reaching purchasers the Kentucky Irish American stands near the top of the list, and advertisers should make a note of the fact.

Do not let the matter of smoke consumers drop. Keep at it diligently, in season and out, till the desired result has been accomplished.

PARSONS RE-ELECTED.

Action May Be Void, As It Was By Retiring Board of Works.

The eagerness for public office is causing all sorts of technical scheming and procedure, even risking illegality, and insuring litigation and confusion in public business. The City Engineer is selected by the Board of Public Works, and Clarence Parsons was so selected for his expiring term. The new Board of Public Works is believed to be hostile to Mr. Parsons, so to hold on to his office for the ensuing term the majority of the old board, Satterwhite and Jefferson, in its last hours of official tenure re-elected Parsons for the coming four years.

The new board will likely resent this infringement on their prerogative of naming their subordinate officers, and either ignore his re-election or remove him, and elect a City Engineer for the coming term.

SWEPT BOSTON.

Gen. Collins and Democratic Ticket Elected by Largest Vote in City's History.

Gen. Patrick A. Collins was elected Mayor of Boston Tuesday and with him the entire Democratic ticket, a complete reversal of two years ago. That this was due to the popularity of Gen. Collins seems evident from the fact that he received over 52,000 votes, the largest vote ever received by any Mayoralty candidate in the Hub City, and a plurality of 20,000 over Mayor Hart, carrying eighteen of the twenty-five wards. Two years ago Hart was elected by a plurality of 2,281. The campaign was unusually active and vigorously pushed by both parties, and the registration and vote nearly 50 per cent greater than two years ago.

The Democrats elected the Street Commissioner, a majority of the School Commissioners and both branches of the City Council. Notwithstanding the active canvass and large vote the election passed off quietly.

RECENT DEATHS.

The funeral of Miss Catherine Hurley, whose death caused sincere sorrow among her wide circle of New Albany friends, took place Monday morning from Holy Trinity church, Rev. Father Kelly celebrating the solemn high mass of requiem.

The death of Mrs. Margaret Corrigan last Sunday morning came as a great shock to her many friends, as she had only been ill a short time. The deceased was one of the city's first inhabitants and resided in Limerick until several years ago, when she moved to her late residence, 1111 Underhill street. The deceased leaves a family of six children and two grandchildren and numerous relatives, who sincerely mourn her loss. The funeral took place from St. John's church Wednesday morning. May her soul rest in peace.

Nellie, daughter of Michael and the late Alice Bench, died at the residence, 1825 Portland avenue, early Wednesday morning. She had been ill for some time, being attended by Father Gammie, and had changed for the better, but suddenly grew worse with the result that she died about an hour before her father confessor was stricken. Miss Bench was esteemed for her good qualities, and her death causes great sorrow. The funeral service Friday morning was held in St. Cecilia church and the interment in St. Louis cemetery.

Howard Gleason, well known in the Highlands, has accepted a position in Southern Kentucky, and will be absent from the city for the next three months.

Engineer Lee Larkin, whose illness last week prevented his removal from Lexington, will recover, his condition having changed for the better. His home is at 901 Twenty-eighth street.

The Marquis of Queensberry is in great financial straits and may say be adjudged a bankrupt. Sir Robert Peel, another distinguished English bankrupt, has thus far escaped the jail, where his angry creditors would like to land him.

[Written for Kentucky Irish American.]

A LILY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Tall and slender—a flower frail, With eyes of blue and teeth like pearl. The thoughtful face so bright and pale, Reflects the soul of this sweet girl.

Her gentle heart—Love's golden mine, Like the sun shedding his warm rays On all around, to God—Love Divine, Is consecrated forever—all her days.

To honor our Lord, she gladly gives Of her young life, the "better part," Fair bride of Heaven, she happily lives, A lily sweet of the Sacred Heart.

KATHLEEN DON LEAVY.

SOCIETY.

Mr. Joseph Piazza, the recently elected President of Trinity Council, Y. M. I., who will be installed at the first meeting



in January, is deservedly promoted, having faithfully served the council in other official duties. Mr. Piazza is a trusted employ of R. J. Thornton & Co., the well known coffee and spice firm.

Mr. John J. Sullivan, the retiring President of Trinity Council, closes an efficient and successful administration, the coun-



cil having grown and prospered under his guidance. He is one of the Grand Directors of the Young Men's Institute, well known and popular throughout the city.

John H. Roche arrived home Saturday from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Monahan have returned from Missouri.

Mrs. Frank Sheehan has been visiting friends in Bowling Green.

Miss Marjorie Wyler, a pretty visitor from Bowling Green, has returned home.

Rev. Father G. A. Vantroostenberg, of Holy Cross, was here the first part of the week.

Mrs. D. A. Shanahan left Monday for Washington, to be the guest of Miss Mary Flannery.

J. V. Murphy, a well known citizen of Georgetown, was here for a visit of a few days this week.

Miss Anita Muldoon was the star Monday night at the greatest musical given in Cincinnati.

Miss Lucy Kearney, who has been the guest of Mrs. Upton Muir, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. John Hays will entertain on the evening of December 23 for Miss Hilda McKenna, of Washington.

Miss Kathleen Cunningham, who has been ill with the mumps at her home in the Highlands, is again able to be out.

Miss Lula Robertson has returned to her home in Elizabethtown, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Theodore Winter.

Mr. Charles L. Jacques, who was taken suddenly and seriously ill about three months ago, has improved so that he is able to be out.

Miss Helen Traylor, a charming visitor from Jasper, returned to her home Monday, after spending a pleasant week with the Misses Hines in Jeffersonville.

Howard Gleason, well known in the Highlands, has accepted a position in Southern Kentucky, and will be absent from the city for the next three months.

Engineer Lee Larkin, whose illness last week prevented his removal from Lexington, will recover, his condition having changed for the better. His home is at 901 Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. Emile Gross, 2516 West Walnut street; formerly with Seelbach and the Louisville Hotel, but for the past two years holding a good position at Lakeland, has returned to this city and is now associated with James Connell at Seventh and Zane streets, where he will be pleased to have all his friends call on him.

PIANOS...

Do you intend buying a Piano for Xmas? If so don't do it till you get our prices and see the largest stock in the city.

Chickering, Decker & Son, Kingsbury, Smith & Barnes,

And Other Good Makes of Pianos. We Guarantee You Will

SAVE \$50 TO \$100.

SEE THE SPECIAL BARGAINS WE OFFER THIS MONTH IN

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

MONTENEGRO-RIEHM MUSIC CO.

628 and 630 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Prayer Books. Devotional Books.

Books of Instruction, Devotion, Etc. All the Latest Catholic Publications. Catholic Tales and Novels. Rosaries, Candlesticks, Statuary, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts, Sanctuary Lamps, Albums, Medalions, Lamps, Etc.

Everything in the Religious Line. Appropriate Christmas and New Year gifts.

CHARLES A. ROGERS

434 WEST JEFFERSON ST.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

THOMAS KEENAN.

Dougherty & Keenan, UNDERTAKERS,

1225 West Market Street, Bet. Twelfth and Thirteenth

TELEPHONE 1240-2.

All Calls Promptly Attended to, Day or Night. Carriages Furnished for All Occasions.

GENERAL PRINTERS.

Furnish Ward For Sick Members at the New Hospital.



'TIS NO SECRET.

I am glad to tell you the cause of my rich, glossy suit of hair. Mrs. Daniel, my wife, very anxious for her hair was rapidly falling out, gray hairs began to appear, the hairs were split at the ends. I tried everything to get relief, finally

BALDINE DID IT.

When the hair becomes starved it needs a hair tonic, something to invigorate its weakened condition. BALDINE is guaranteed to

Stop Falling Hair and Remove Dandruff.

It permeates the hair follicles and gives renewed strength to the hair growth. It prevents BALDNESS, and if bald, positively produces a new hair growth. Every woman who values a luxuriant growth of hair should make frequent use of Baldine. It is a delightful hair dressing and done.

Get it from your Druggist or write us.

BALDINE MANUFACTURING CO.

200 W. MARKET ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

RENN DRUG CO., Distributors.

Have You a Friend?

Granted....

That you have—then why not send him a bottle or gallon jug of

Old McKenna Whisky

for a holiday gift—nearly cased in unmarked boxes of 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 or 12 bottles each. Send us address; we'll guarantee safe delivery to any part of the United States.

Merit Wins,

So we want your Christmas order for high-class Wines and Brandies—Imported Munchener, Wurtzburger or Pilsener Beers, etc. Have you tried our Peach and Honey Apple and Honey?

OLD BLUE HOUSE,

HENRY BOSQUET, PROP.

245 Fourth Avenue.

"MONEY TO LOAN."

The Raffaeissau system seems already in use in some parts of this country. The current Iowa Catholic

RAFFO



Has received all the new and novel ideas in

Holiday Furniture

and they comprise the handsomest things ever seen in this city. Sideboards, Dressers, Music Desks, Chairs, Tables, Tabourettes, Stands and Parlor Pieces, etc., etc.

321

W. Market St.
Bet. Third and Fourth.

IF YOU WANT

Pure, Straight Whisky

For Medicinal Purposes

GET IT FROM

J. P. DANT,
AT THE
Pioneer Bottling House,

913 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

WM. NORTON & SON
N. E. COR. NINTH AND BROADWAY,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Feed and Commission Merchants.

Dealers in Flour, Lime and Cement. Special attention given to country produce.

TELEPHONE 1122.

HARPER WHISKY

Famous at home for generations past. Famous now all over the world. "A three-time winner." Gold medals at Paris, 1900; World's Fair, 1893; New Orleans, 1885.

BERNHHEIM BROS.
Sole Controllers. Louisville, Ky.VAL'S SALOON,
442 West Green Street,
VAL. LESTER, Proprietor.
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.

Hot Lunch Every Morning from 9:30 to 12:30 O'Clock.

FRANK.

JOHN E. WALTERS'
Clay-Street Brewery,
812 and 814 CLAY STREET.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

THEATRICALS.

"Laughter holding both its sides" will be practically illustrated at the Buckingham next week, the occasion being the first appearance this season of Harry William's Imperial Burlesques, numbering thirty-five people. The principal comedy parts are in the hands of the well known comedians, John Cain, John Barton, James Tenbrook and Harry M. Stewart, while the feminine contingent is well represented by such regular beauties as Edna Urline, Grace Forrest Burke and Blanche Newcomb. Following the first part is a well selected olio of vaudeville acts, introducing America's sweet singer, Blanche Newcomb, and Charlotte Coates, the popular song illustrator. The closing feature will be a spirited military review entitled "On To The Front." It is brim full of funny situations, striking scenery and pretty girls.

The Avenue had crowded houses the past week enjoying the "Volunteer Organist," a new and beautiful pastoral play. For next week, beginning matinee tomorrow, "For Her Sake" will be the play. It is a thrilling play, recounting

IRISH-AMERICANS IN LOUISVILLE.

Just a Few of the Men of the Irish Race and What They Have Done and Are Now Doing For the Material Advancement of Our Fair and Prosperous City.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional Men, Railroad Officials and Men of All Crafts, They Are a Factor That Must Be Always Taken Into Consideration.

Prominent as Politicians, They Have Served the City and State in Almost Every Capacity With Satisfaction and Ability and All Find Favor.

"What have the Irish and Irish-Americans done for Louisville?" is a question that is frequently asked in these days. And again, "Who are the Irish-Americans in Louisville?"

Both questions can be answered, but to be answered comprehensively and intelligently would take months of toil and investigation—not because the answers are hard to find, but because the men and women of the Irish race have been intimately associated with the history of Louisville from its founding. They have formed part and parcel of its advancement and development in every line. From the humble laborers to the leaders of the bar, in the manufacturing line, in the mercantile line, in the ministry, in the practice of medicine, in politics and in every pursuit the people of the Irish race have and are now playing a prominent part in this fair city.

No newspaper sketch, then, can give the public any idea of what the Irish people have done and are doing for this prosperous city of ours. Their history is so closely interwoven with the history of Louisville that one can not be written without the other. Let it suffice, then, to say a few brief words about the Irish-Americans of Louisville of our own times.

Pick out any particular legitimate calling in the city and you will find Irish-Americans engaged therein—yes, and always near the top of their calling.

Take the lawyers. Are there any more able jurists, men more highly respected by their brother attorneys, than Hons. Matt O'Doherty and Edward J. McDermott. Both have national reputations as orators, profound thinkers; both are men who are not afraid to give utterance to their convictions. The one is a native of Ireland, the other a native of Kentucky, but inheriting his talents from his Irish parents, and both are proud to be reckoned among the Irish-Americans of Louisville. But these are not all. Thos. P. Walsh, Walter P. Lincoln, Newton J. Rogers, Alderman James J. Fitzgerald, Judge John McCann, Emmet Slattery and Prosecuting Attorney Robert Haigan are also among the Irish-Americans who are ornaments to the local bar.

In the medical profession who stands higher than Dr. William B. Doherty, a native of Ireland, or Dr. Corrigan, Dr. Clint Kelly and his son, the Coronel-elect, Dr. Harris Kelly? These latter are Kentuckians born and bred, but they are proud of their Irish ancestry. But then these are only a few of the many physicians who boast of Irish blood.

In the architectural line the Irish-Americans are well represented. It was C. A. Curtin, known to his intimates as "Neil," who was the first man who had the boldness to give Louisville a skyscraper, now the Columbia building, but when built was known as the Commercial Club building. It was the first building of modern improvements erected in Louisville and will remain long as a monument to the grit and ability of this genial Irish-American. But Architect Curtin has erected many other handsome buildings that reflect credit on his genius. D. Murphy is another Irish-American architect whose fame has spread beyond the State. Many of the newest and handsomest churches of the diocese of Louisville are specimens of his handiwork. Then there is that magnificent new Doherty flat building at Second and Guthrie streets, the work of James J. Gaffney, another Irish-American architect. W. J. O'Sullivan is another local architect and bridge builder, now designing bridges for the Louisville Bridge and Iron Company. Mr. O'Sullivan is one of that gifted family of geniuses of which his brother, Patrick O'Sullivan, the composer and musician, and Rev. Fathers Hugh and Anthony O'Sullivan, are a part.

In the marble and monumnet line where in Louisville can be found a man of wider reputation than our own Mike Muldoon, who is known in New York as well as in Louisville, and whose handsome works of art ador cemeteries clear across the continent.

Take some of the manufacturing lines, brick and sewer pipe working, for instance. Who has achieved greater measure of success than Pat Bannon, and who now, full of years and honor, is happy to see his three grown sons going ahead with his business, adding day by day to the wealth he accumulated by economy, integrity and strict attention to business. Yes, Pat Bannon will be proud of his boys, Jeff and Richard and Patrick, Jr., who have all inherited their father's business talents.

Suppose you try a mercantile line—say the coal business. Are there any Irish-Americans in it? Look at this list: John P. Byrne, Charles J. O'Connor, Daniel Leahy, Dan Scanlon, Robert Watson, Joseph Dougherty, Joseph O'Donnell, John Duffy, Spalding Coleman, all either natives of Ireland or of Irish descent.

How about contractors? Have not the paper men in Louisville, too. Col. R. M. Nevins and Gleasons built more than half the streets in Louisville, and still members of these families are yet in the business, Joe Nevins and John R. Gleason.

Buying is an art. It requires a shrewder person to buy than to sell. That is the reason probably that Patrick E. Heuchey and Cornelius O'Brien are regarded as men of genius in their line—one recognized as the best cloak buyer in Louisville, the other as a leading buyer of dry goods and notions.

In the plastering business who is better known than Barney Campbell and his son John. In the employ of the various railroads and in various capacities there are scores of Irish-Americans like W. J. Marahan, recently made Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central road; Daniel J. Duane, Assistant Auditor of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company; Jeremiah Kavanagh, for more than thirty-six years foreman at the Louisville & Nashville shops, still there and good for many more years. Then there are railroad agents like T. B. McCabe, Will Newman, John Dignan, J. M. Ryan and L. A. Downs.

If you are searching for a steamboat pilot, where can you find one more capable than Daniel J. Kane?

If you want a stylish suit of clothes, don't you hunt up Pat Walsh, Matt Winn or James T. Moran, Ed Langen, Martin Cusick or Edward Clancy?

Are there any better known men in the distilling business than Alderman William J. O'Hearn, George McCrann and James P. Roche. And wholesalers as well are James Thompson, James L. Hackett and John W. Slack.

Louisville is the greatest tobacco market in the world, and among the leading spirits of that market are such Irish-Americans as Edward J. O'Brien, Alderman Thomas Jefferson O'Bryan and John Laflan.

A stranger coming to Louisville and in search of hotel finds George Mulligan and his brother Dave in charge of the Louisville Hotel, where you get the best of the market affords.

In the high class plumbing line you will find men like Mike J. Duffy, Dave Welsh, Thomas Garvey and a host of others.

And there is Joe McWilliams, another Irish-American and a Kentuckian by adoption, the leading mechanical engineer, Martin and Joe Kirwan, owners of the only first-class saw-mill in the city, are of Irish descent.

Almost anybody will tell you that Oweu Sullivan is the leading laundryman, Charley and Joe Byrne, the live-stock dealers, are recognized everywhere as the best in their line and are Irish-Americans.

In the political line, say you? Yes, here, as everywhere on the face of the earth where God has scattered them, the Irish are in politics, and wherever they have held office here there friends have had reason to be proud of them.

Take Daniel F. Murphy, the City Assessor. He has held that office for more than a decade and always with credit to himself and satisfaction to all the people. All is used advisedly, because no word has ever been said against his administration of affairs. Associated with him are Irish-Americans like his brother, Con Murphy, and Dan Doherty. There is Dick Langan in the License Inspector's office and Dad Price, Secretary of the police department; Capt. William J. Sullivan at the head of the detective force, and he is aided by other Irish-Americans like Eugene O'Daly, Martin Donahue, John Sexton and Charley Hickey. Why, more than half the police force is Irish, and the new Assistant Chief will be an Irish-American, Major Pat Ridge.

Has ever any one heard August respecting the integrity of that sterling Irish-American Ed Tierney during all the years he served as City Auditor or as a member of the Board of Public Works?

John H. Sheen and Roger McGrath, Secretaries respectively of the Boards of Safety and Works, are specimens of what young Irish-Americans can do.

In the Tax Receiver's office you will find more Irish-Americans—William McKittrick, John Duffy, Thomas J. Shelley and Elijah J. Mann.

Major Edward Hughes, Chief of the fire department, is of Irish decent, so is Assistant Chief John J. Tully and about half of the various fire Captains.

Mike Tynan, Deputy Sheriff of the Police Court, and Orris Whalley, Deputy Clerk of the Police Court, are also Irish-Americans.

Last, but by no means least of the Irish-Americans engaged in the fascinating game of politics, are the Whallen brothers, John H. and James P. Asking no office for themselves, but ever ready to do for friends, they are easily the king bees politicians of the city.

Suppose you try a mercantile line—say the coal business. Are there any Irish-Americans in it? Look at this list: John P. Byrne, Charles J. O'Connor, Daniel Leahy, Dan Scanlon, Robert Watson, Joseph Dougherty, Joseph O'Donnell, John Duffy, Spalding Coleman, all either natives of Ireland or of Irish descent.

Yes, there are Irish-American news-

FOR HIS

CHRISTMAS GIFT

GO TO

LEVY'S

And get him something in Clothing, Shoes, Hats or Furnishings. You'll save money—suit him exactly.

M. J. MADDEN

N. E. Cor. Tenth and Walnut.

Holiday Supplies

Nowhere in Louisville will you find a better or more carefully selected stock of Groceries, containing everything necessary for your Christmas dinner. Also Meats, Poultry and Game at reasonable prices. Fresh Fancy Candies, Oranges, Nuts, etc. We make a specialty of fine Wines and Liquors for family use.

GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF CITY.

ED DALTON'S

CORNIA

Northwest Corner Floyd and Main.

DAVID WELSH

PLUMBER.

SEVENTH ST., NEAR WALNUT, LOUISVILLE

TELEPHONE 2034.

DOUGHERTY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Lump and Crushed Coke

ALSO BEST

Pittsburg, Kentucky, Anthracite and Jellico Coal CONTRACT COAL A SPECIALTY.

TELEPHONE 469.

OFFICE 1207 WEST MAIN STREET

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succeeded his father-in-law, the late James Dougherty, in the business, a business established more than forty years, II is County President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and National Delegates from Kentucky. Al Smith, member of the Board of Councilmen, is the son of the late Gran Smith, founder of the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

The third Children's Carnival will be given by Trinity Council, Y. M. I., No. 230, at their club house, 718 East Gray street, from 2 to 6 o'clock p. m., January 1. One of the features will be a contest for the most popular babies. One of the prizes will be \$10 in gold donated by the Children's Carnival Committee. Another prize will be \$2.50 in gold, and a gold ring donated by the Young Ladies Auxiliary of Trinity Council. With the first and second prizes will be given a dozen photographs by two of the best photographers. Very likely this committee will have a prize for every baby that enters this contest. Any baby three years of age and under can enter free of charge, and any parents wishing baby to enter can make application. Coupon books can be obtained from any member of this committee.

Another feature will be a cake-walk for children fifteen years of age and under for cashing in the most money either for adults' or children's tickets. Children who wish can get any amount of tickets from members of Trinity Council they are acquainted with.

There will also be a cake-walk for children fifteen years and under. Any child wishing to enter should go to the committee any day before the carnival. All prizes will be presented during the carnival on the stage.

The contest for the most popular baby will be at 4 p. m. sharp during the carnival and votes will be counted by prominent tellers from different banks in this city, and contest for cashing in the most money will be held Sunday, December 29, at the Council's club house.

The committee are: John F. Oertel, Charles Sieverding, James B. Kelly, Frank Lathe, W. H. Gast, Ben Williams, William The.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

And we're up to date, too. Our stock of Christmas goods was never so large or so select as it is this season. Everything in the house is strictly up-to-date. Why not give a Christmas present of lasting and permanent value, like the following: Morris Chairs, Toilet Tables, Chiffoniers, Couches, Odd Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Parlor Cabinets, Music Cabinets, Ladies' Desks, Leather Chairs, Vernis Marten Cabinets, Odd Gold Chairs, Lamps, Jardinières, Pedestals, Sideboards, Extension Tables, newest patterns, all styles and makes, in oak and mahogany.



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DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE.

HERMINIE TEMPLETON IN MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

On the road between Kilcuny and Balinderg Jerry Murtagh, the car driver, told me his story:

Although only one living man of his own free will ever went among them there, still any well learned person in Ireland can tell you that the abode of the Good People is in the hollow heart of the great mountain Sleive-na-mon. That same one was Darby Gill, a cousin of my own mother.

One night the Good People took the eldest of Darby's three fine pigs. The next week a second pig went the same way. The third week not a thing had Darby left for the Ballurobe fair. You may aisly think how sore and sorry the poor man was an' how Bridget, his wife, an' the childher carried on. The rent was due and all left was to sell his cow Rosie to pay it. Rosie was the apple of his eye; he admired and respected the pigs, but he loved Rosie.

Worst luck of all was yet to come. On the morning when Darby went for the cow to bring her into market, bad scorns to the hoof was there, but in her place only a wisp of dirty straw to mock him. Millia murther! What a howlin' and screachin' and cursin' did Darby bring back to the house!

Now Darby was a boud man and a desperate man in his anger, as you soon will see. He shoved his feet into a pair of brogues, clapped his hat on his head, gripped his stick in his hand.

"Fairy or no fairy, ghost or goblin, livin' or dead, who took Rosie'll rue this day," he says.

With those wild words he bolted in the direction of Sleive-na-mon.

All day long he climbed like an ant over the hill, looking for a hole or cave through which he could get at the prison of Rosie. At times he struck the rocks with his hickthorn, cryin' out challenge. "Come out, you that took her," he called. "If ye have the courage of a mouse, ya murtherin' thieves, come out!"

No one made answer—at laste not just then. But st night, as he turned, hungry and footsore, toward home, who should he meet up with on the crossroads but the old fairy doctor, Sheela Maguire. Well known she was as a spy for the Good People. She spoke up:

"Oh, then, you're the foolish, hilanderin'-headed man to be, saying what you've said and doing what you've done this day, Darby Gill," says she. "What do I care!" says she fiercely. "I'd fight the devil tonight for my beautiful cow."

"They go into Mrs. Hagan's meadow beyond," says Sheela, "and wait till the moon is up. By-an'-by ye'll see a herd of cows come down from the mountain and own'll be among them."

"What'll I do then?" asked Darby, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Sorra a hair I care what you do! But there'll be lads there and hundreds you won't see that'll stand no ill words, Darby Gill."

"I thank you kindly," says Darby, "and I bid you good evening, ma'am." He turned away, leaving her standing there alone looking after him, but he was sure he heard voices talkin' to her and laughin' and titterin' behind him.

It was dark night when Darby stretched himself on the ground in Hagan's meadow; the yellow rim of the moon just tipped the edge of the hills. The time passed mortal slow and it was an hour later when a hundred slow shadows, stirring up the mists, crept from the mountain way toward him. First he must find was Rosie among the herd. To creep quiet as a cat through the hedge and reach the first cow was only a minute's work. Then his plan—to wait till cock-crow—with all other sober, sensible thoughts went clean out of the lad's head before his rage, for, cropping eagerly the long sweet grass, the first baste he met was Rosie.

With a leap Darby was behind her, his stick falling sharply on her flanks. The ingratitude of that cow almost broke Darby's heart. Rosie turned fiercely upon him with a vicious lunge, her two horns aimed at his breast. There was no suppler boy in the parish than Darby, and well for him it was so, for the mad rush the cow gave would have caught any man the last thrife heavy on his legs and ended his days right there.

As it was, our hayro sprang to one side. As Rosie passed his left hand gripped her tail. When one of the Gills takes hold of a thing he hangs on like a bull terrier. Away he went, rushing with her.

Now began a race the like of which was never heard of before or since. Ten jumps to the second and a hundred feet to the jump. Rosie's tall standing straight up in the air, firm as an iron bar, and Darby floating straight out behind; a thousand furious fairies flying a short distance after, filling the air with wild commands and threatenings.

Suddenly the sky opened for a crash of lightning that shivered the hills and a roar of thunder that turned out of their beds every man, woman and child in four counties. Flash after flash came the lightning, hitting on every side of Darby. If it wasn't for fear of hurting Rosie the fairies would certainly have killed Darby. As it was, he was still with fear, afraid to hould on and afraid to leave go, waving in the air at Rosie's tail like a flag.

As the cow turned into the long, narrow valley which cuts into the east side of the mountain the Good People caught up with the pair and what they didn't do to Darby in the line of tickin' pins, pulling whiskers and pinching wouldn't take long to tell. In troth he was just about to let go his hold and take the chances of a fall, when the hillside opened and—whisk! the cow turned into the mountain. Darby found himself flying down a wide, high passage which grew lighter as he went along. He heard the opening behind shut like a trap and his heart almost stopped beating, for this was

the fairies' home in the heart of Sleive-na-mon. He was captured by them!

When Rosie stopped, so stiff were all Darby's joints that he had great trouble loosening himself to come out. He landed among a lot of angry-faced little people, each no higher than your hand, every one wearing a green velvet cloak and a red cap.

"We'll take him to the king," says a red-whiskered wee chap. "What he'll do to the murtherin' spalpeen'll be good and plenty!"

With that they marched our bould Darby a prisoner down the long passage, which every second grew wider and lighter and fuller of little people.

Sometimes, though, he met with human beings like himself, only the black charm was on them, they having been stolen at some time by the Good People. He saw Los People there from every parish in Ireland, both commoner and gentry. Each was laughing, talking and diverting himself with another. Off to the sides he could see small cobblers making brogues, tinkers mendling pans, tailors sewing cloth, smiths hammering horse-shoes, every one merrily to his trade, making a diversion out of work.

Down near the center of the mountain was a room twenty times higher and broader than the biggest church in the world. As they drew near this room there arose the sound of a reel played on bagpipes. The music was so bewitching that Darby, who was the gracefulest reel dancer in all Ireland, could hardly make his feet behave.

At the room's edge Darby stopped short and caught his breath, the sight was so entrancing. Set over the broad floor were thousands and thousands of the Good People facing this way and that and dancing to a reel, while on a throne in the middle of the room sat old Brian Connors, King of the Fairies, blowing on the bagpipes. The little king with a good crown on his head, wearing a beautiful green velvet coat and red knee breeches, sat with his legs crossed, beating time with his foot to the music.

There were many from Darby's own parish, and what was his surprise to see there Maureen McGibney, his own wife's sister, whom he had supposed resting daintily in her grave in holy ground these three years.

There she was gliding back and forth ferninst a little gray-whiskered, round-stomached fairy man as though there was never a care nor a sorrow in the world.

As I tould you before, I tell you agaius, Darby was the finest reel dancer in all Ireland, and he came from a family of dancers, though I say it who shouldn't, as he was my mother's own cousin.

Three things in the world hanish sorrow—love and whisky and music. So, when the surprise of it all melted a little Darby's feet led him into the thick of the throng, right under the throne of the King, where he flung care to the winds and put his heart and mind into his two nimble feet. Darby's dancing was such that purty soon those around stood still to admire.

Backward and forward, sidestep and turn; cross over then forward; a hand on his hip and his stick twirling free; sidestep and forward; cross over again; bow to his partner and hammer the floor.

It was not long till half the dancers crowded around admiring, clapping their hands and shouting encouragement. The old King grew so excited that he laid down the pipes, took up his fiddle, came down from the throne and standing ferninst Darby began a finer tune than the first.

The dancing lasted a whole hour, no one speaking a word except to cry out, "Foot it, ye devil!" "Aisy now, he's threding on flowers!" "More power to you!" "Play faster, King!" "Hoorooh! hoorooh! hoorooh!"

Then the King stopped and said:

"Well, that bates Banagher and Banagher bates the world! Who are you and how came you here?"

Then Darby up and tould the whole story.

When he had finished the King looked sayious. "I'm glad you came an' I'm sorry you came," he says. "If we had put our charm on you outside to bring you in you'd never die till the end of the world, when we here must all go to hell. But," he added quickly, "there's no use in worrying about that now. That's neither here nor there! Those willing to come with us can't come at all, at all; and here you are of your own free act and will. Howsoever, you're here and we daren't let you go outside to tell others of what you have seen and no give us a bad name—about taking things, you know. We'll make you as comfortable as we can, and so you won't worry about Bridget and the childher," he says.

The King knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You're a wise man besides being the height of good company," says he, "and it's sorry I am you didn't make me at my word; for then we would have you always, at laste till the Day of Judgment, when—but that's neither here nor there! Howsoever, we'll bother you about it no more."

From that day they threated him as one of their own.

It was one day five months after that Maureen plucked Darby by the coat and led him off to a lonely spot.

"I've got the word," she says.

"Have you, faith? What is it?" says Darby, all of a tremble.

Then she whispered a word so blasphemous, so irreligious, that Darby blessed himself. When Maureen saw him making the sign on you," he says with a sigh, "for it's aisy to see you're great company. Now come up to the place all have a noggan of punch for friendship's sake," says he.

That's how Darby Gill began his six mouths' stay with the Good People. Not a thing was left undone to make Darby contented and happy. A civiler people than the Good People he never met. At first he couldn't get over saying, "God keep all here" and "God save you kindly" and things like that, which was the Good People he never met.

If it weren't for Maureen McGibney, Darby would be in Sleive-na-mon at this hour. Sure she was always the wise girl, ready with her crafty plans and warnings. On a day when they were sitting alone together she says to him:

"Darby, dear," says she, "it isn't right for a dacint man of family to be spending his days cauvior' and idlin' the hours with sport and nonsense. We must get you out of here, for what is a sovereign a day to compare with the care and protection of a father?" says he.

"Thru for ye!" moaned Darby, "and my heart is just splittin' for a sight of Bridget and the childher. Bad luck to the day I set so much store on a dirty, ongrateful, threacherous cow!"

"I know well how you feel," says Maureen, "for I'd give the whole world to say three words to Bob Broderick, that ye tell me that out of grief for me has never kept company with any other girl till this day. But that'll never be," she says, "because I must stop here till the Day of Judgment, and then I must go to—," says she, beginning to cry, "but if you get out you'll bear a message to Bob for me, maybe," she says.

"It's aisy to talk about going out, but how can it be done?" asked Darby.

"There's a way," says Maureen, wiping her big gray eyes, "but it may take years. First, you must know that the Good People can never put their charm on any one who is willing to come with them. That's why you came safe. Then, again, they can't work harm in the daylight and after, cock-crow any mortal eye can see them plain, nor can they harm any one who has a sprig of holly nor pass over a leaf or twig of holly, because that's Christmass bloom. Well, there's a certain evil word for charm that opens the side of the mountain, and I will try to find it out for you. Without that word all the armies of the world couldn't get out in, but you must be patient and wise and wait."

"I will so, with the help of God," says Darby.

At these words Maureen gave a terrible shriek. "Cruel man!" she cried, "don't you know that to say pious words to one of the Good People or to one under their black charm is like cutting him with a knife?"

The next night, she came to Darby again.

"Watch yerself now," she says, "for tonight they're goin' to lave the door of the mountain open to thy you, and if you stir two steps outside they'll put the comether on you," she says.

Sure enough, when Darby took his walk down the passage after supper, as he did every night, there the side of the mountain lay wide open and no one in sight. The temptation to make one rush was great, but he only looked out a minute and went whistling back down the passage, knowing well that a hundred hidden eyes were on him the while. For a dozen nights after it was the same.

At another time Maureen said:

"The King himself is going to thy hard the day, so beware!" She had no sooner said the words than Darby was called for and went up to the King.

"Darby, my sowl," says the King, in a sootherin' way, "have this noggin of punch. A hetther never was brewed; it's the last we'll have for many a day. I'm going to set you free, Darby Gill, that's what I aum."

"Why, King," says Darby, putting on a mournful face, "how hse I offended ye?"

"No offense at all," says the King, "only we're depriving you."

"No depravity in life!" says Darby. "I have lashins and lavings to ate and to drink, and nothing but fun an' diversion all day long. Out in the world it was nothing but work and trouble and sickness, disappointment and care."

"But Bridget and the childher?" says the King, giving him a sharp look out of half-shut eyes.

"Oh, as for that, King," says Darby, "it's aisi for a widow to get a husband, or for orphans to find a father, than it is for them to pick up a sovereign a day."

The King looked mighty satisfied and smoked for awhile without a word.

"Would you mind going out an evenin' now and then, helpin' the boys to mind the cows?" he asked at last.

Darby feared to thrust himself outside in their company.

"Well, I tell ye how it is," replied my brave Darby. "Some of the neighbors might see me and spread the report on me that I am with the fairies, and that'd disgrace Bridget and the childher," he says.

The King knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You're a wise man besides being the height of good company," says he, "and it's sorry I am you didn't make me at my word; for then we would have you always, at laste till the Day of Judgment, when—but that's neither here nor there! How



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DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE

[CONTINUED FROM SIXTH PAGE.]

ring, except for a little gate, left open as though by accident, where the fairies could enter.

But it wasn't an accident at all, only the wise plan of Maureen's; for nearby this little gap, in the outside wreath, a sprig of holly with a bit of twine tied to it. Then the twin rays along up to Darby's house and in through the window, where its end lay convaynt to his hand. A little pull on the twine would drag the stray piece of holly into the gap and close tight the outside ring.

It was a trap, you see. When the fairies walked in through the gap the twine was to be pulled, and so they were to be made prisoners between the two rings of holly. They couldn't get into Darby's house, because the circle of holly nearest the house was so tight that a fly couldn't get through without touching the blessed tree or its wood. Likewise, when the gap in the outer wreath was closed they couldn't get out again. Well, anyway, these things were hardly finished and fixed, when the dusky brown of the hills warned the neighbors of twilight, and they scurried like frightened rabbits to their homes.

Only one amongst them still had courage to sit inside Darby's house waiting the dreadful visitors, and that one was Bob Broderick. What vengeance was in store couldn't be guessed at all, at all, only it was sure that it was to be more terrible than any yet wreaked on mortal man.

Not in Darby's house alone was the terror, for in their anger the Good People might lay waste the whole parish. The roads and fields were empty and silent in the darkness. Not a widow glimmered with light for miles around. Many a blaggard who hadn't said a prayer for years was now down on his narrow bones among the daicent members of his family, thumping his crav and roaring his Father and Aves.

In Darby's quiet house, against which the cunning, the power and the fury of the Good People would first break, you can't think of half the suffering of Bridget and the chidher, as they lay huddled together on the settle bed; nor of the estrain on Bob and Darby, who sat smokin' their dunders and whispering anxiously together.

For some rayson or other the Good People were long in comin'. Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, after that twelve, and not a sound from the outside. The silence and the no sign of any kind had them all just about crazy, when suddenly there fell a sharp rap on the door.

"Millia murther," whispered Darby, "we're in for it. They've crossed the two rings of holly and are at the door itself."

The chidher begun to cry and Bridget said her prayers out loud; but no one answered the knock.

"Rap, rap, rap," on the door, then a pause.

"God save all here!" cried a queer voice from the outside.

Now no fairy would say, "God save all here," so Darby took heart and opened the door. Who should he standing there but Sheelah Maguire, a spy for the Good People. So angry were Darby and Bob that they snatched her within the threshold, and before she knew it they had her tied hand and foot, woud a cloth around her mouth, and rouled her under the bed. Within the minute a thousand rustling voices sprung from outside. Through the window, in the clear moonlight, Darby marked weeds and grass being tramped by invisible feet, beyond the farthest ring of holly.

Suddenly broke a great cry. The gap in the first ring was found. Signs were plainly seen of uncountable feet rushing through and spreading about the nearer wreath. After a howl of madness from the little men and women, Darby had pulled his twine and the trap was closed, with five thousand of the Good People entirely at his mercy.

Princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, earls, carless and all the quality of Sleive-na-mon were prisoners. Not more than a dozen of the last to come escaped, and they flew back to tell the king.

For an hour they raged. All the bad names ever called to mortal man were given free, but Darby said never a word. "Pick-pocket," "sheep stayer," "murtherin' thafe of a blaggard," were the softest words trut at him.

By an' by, howsoever, as it begun to grow near to cock-crow, their talk grew a great deal civiler. Then came beginn', plaidin', promisin' and enthratin', but the doors of the house still stayed shut at its windows down.

Pntry soon Darby's old rooster Terry came down from his perch, yawned an' flapped his wings a few times. At that the terror and the screechin' of the Good People would have melted the heart of a stone.

All of a suddeu a fine, clear voice rose from beyond the crowd. The king had come. The other fairies grew still, listening.

"Ye murtherin' thafe of the world," says the king grandly, "what are ye doin' wid my people?"

"Keep a civil tongue in yer head, Connor," says Darby, sticking his head out the window, "for I'm as good a man as you any day," says Darby.

At that minute Terry, the cock, flapped his wings and crowed. In a flash there sprang into full view the crowd of Good People—dukes, earls, princes, quality and commoners, with their ladies, jammed thick together about the house; every one of them with his head thrown back hawling and crying, and tears as big as pigeons eggs roulin' down his cheeks.

A few feet away, on a straw pile in the barnyard, stood the king, his gold crown tilted on the side of his head, his long green cloak about him, and his rod in his hand, but tremblin' all over.

In the middle of the crowd, but towering high above them all, stood Maureen McGilvey in her cloak of green an' gold, her purty brown hair fallin' down

on her shoulders, an' she—the crafty villain—cryin' an' bawlin', an' abusin' Darby with the best of them.

"What'll you have an' let them go?" says the king.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "take yer spell off that slip of a girl there an' send her into the house."

In a second Maureen was standing inside the door, her both arms about Bob's neck, and her head on his collarbone.

What they said to each other, and what they done in the way of embracin' an' kissin' an' cryin' I won't take time in telling you.

"Next," says Darby, "aend back Rosie and the pigs."

"I expected that," says Darby. And at those words they saw a black bunch coming through the air; in a few seconds Rosie and the three pigs walked into the stable.

"Now," says Darby, "promisc in the asme of Ould Nick" (tis by him the Good People swear) "never to moil nor meddlin' again with any one or anything from thys parish."

The king was fair put out by this. Howsoever, he said at last, "You ongrateful accounthire, in the name of Ould Nick, I promise."

"So far, so good," says Darby; "but the worst is yet to come. Now you must rayaise from your spell every soul you've stole from this parish; and besides, you must send me ten thousand pounds in good."

Well, the king gave a roar of anger that was heard in the next barony.

"Ye high-banded, hard-hearted robber," he says, "I'll never consent!" he says.

"Please yourself," says Darby. "I see Father Cassidy comin' down the hedge," he says, "an' he has a prayer for ye all in his book that'll burn ye up like wisps of straw he's ever catched ye here," says Darby.

With that the roaring and hawling was pitiful to hear, and in a few minutes a bag with ten thousand gold sovereigns in it was trut at Darby's threshold; and fifty people, young an' some of them old, stood over it.

Some of them had spent years with the fairies. Their relatives thought them dead an' burled. They were the Lost Ones from that parish.

With that Darby pulled the bit of twine again, opening the trap, and it wasn't long until every fairy was gone.

The green coat of the last one was hardly out of sight when, sure enough, who should come up but Father Cassidy, his book in his hand. He looked at the fifty people who had been with the fairies standin' there—the poor crathures tremblin' an' wondherin' an' afear'd to go to their homes.

Darby told him what had happened.

"Ve foolish man," says the priest, "you could have got out every poor prisoner that's locked in Sleive-na-mon, let alone those from this parish."

Darby told him what had happened.

"Ve foolish man," says the priest, "you could have got out every poor prisoner that's locked in Sleive-na-mon, let alone those from this parish."

"But," says the priest, "ye might have got ten thousand pounds for sich of us."

"If aich had ten thousand pounds, what comfort would I have in being rich?" asked Darby again.

"To enjoy well being rich, there should be plenty of poor," says Darby.

"God forgive ye, ye selfish man!" says Father Cassidy.

"There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of combining lace, net, mousse-line, silk and velvet in one gown. A few applications of white lace sometimes add variety to the decorated surface, and again white lace insertions are used in striping lines from neck to hem on a black Chantilly lace gown.

HINTS ON STYLE.

Brochee mouseline is one of the fashionable fabrics for evening gowns.

An odd fancy in skirt trimming is thread velvet ribbon through button-holed slits in the material.

Heavy lace boleros with sleeves worn with untriumphed silk waists and can be bought in the shops all ready for use.

Dotted black net over white chiffon and white taffeta, trimmed with black Chantilly lace insertion, makes very stylish gown.

A delicate perfume for the gown is made by dropping a little lavender into boiling water and holding the garment over the steam.

Velvets dotted all over with white pin spots are very much employed for street gowns, made up very simply, with a short blouse cost.

Velvet gowns in red, brown, blue, green and black have put in an appearance already for street costumes as well as reception costumes.

Mirror velvets are said to be crowding out the popular panne for many purposes, but the latter has its specific uses and is not to be ousted.

Bands of black and white cloth trim a red cloth costume. The collar extends across the back, shaping up a little narrower directly in the center.

Fancy buttons are seen on some of the new gloves, and if you would have the modish thing, wear gun metal colored suede gloves with rhinestone buttons, with your black gown.

Old-fashioned cameos set in gold make a stylish belt pin, a brooch for the neck, or a scarf clasp, one or all. Cameo bracelets are transformed in this way, producing three useful articles.

The modish treatment for the pale tan and light brown tints is some kind of white trimming. It may be embroidery, fancy braid, silk bands or velvet, but white is the thing to have.

One pretty novelty of the season is the umbrella handle with tips to match, in a pretty case. For Christmas gifts those are certainly out of the ordinary, while they have the advantage of being useful as well.

All-white weddings have perhaps been the leading fad so far this season, but varied objections to this fancy have come to the front recently. One of them is that the bride is not so distinctive a figure with the bridesmaids all in white as she would be otherwise.

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of combining lace, net, mousse-line, silk and velvet in one gown. A few applications of white lace sometimes add variety to the decorated surface, and again white lace insertions are used in striping lines from neck to hem on a black Chantilly lace gown.

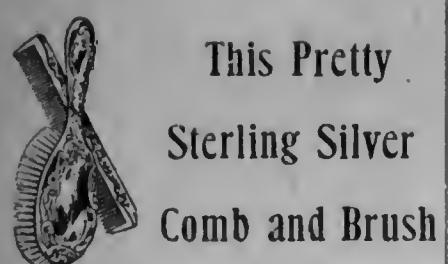
WHOLE WORLD.

On the side of Loch Lomond, in Scotland, dwells an old man who never until recently had been prevailed upon to climb Ben-Lomond, the hill which has been before his eyes during a long life. When he got to the top of the eminence, his delight knew no bounds. "Eh, now!" he said with evident pride in his exploit, "but the world's a big place when you come to see the whole of it!"

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

AT

LOUISVILLE'S GREATEST STORE!



This Pretty

Sterling Silver

Comb and Brush

Each set in a neat box, we will sell at the very low price of

\$1.64

Remember, there are only a limited number of these, and perhaps they'll be gone in a day.

We bought the entire line of drummer's apparel from one of the leading New York silver houses. Extra pieces of the best style, and at a very low price.

A lovely assortment of Sterling Silver Tableware, the price of which will interest every housekeeper.

Sterling Silver Coffee Spoons..... 50c



Atomizers.

33c For Bohemian Glass Atomizers, in all colors and pretty shapes.

49c For extra fine Atomizers, all pretty shapes and colors, nice, not crooked.

84c For fancy Atomizers, with stand.

Other fancy Atomizers at 88c, \$1.24, \$1.49.

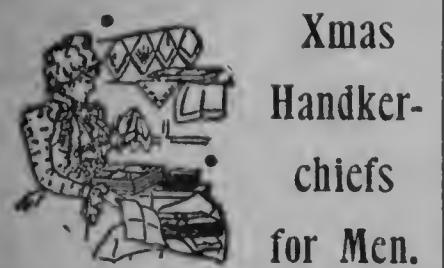
Bohemian Glass Powder Boxes at 49c, 58c, 74c, 99c, \$1.35.



Health Comforts.

Merritt's Health Comforts, in 10x4 sizes, made of best quality, wool, filling, cheese cloth covering, tacked ready for use; price..... \$2.48

Merritt's Health Comforts, in extra large 12x4 size, filled with extra fine quality of wool, filling, cheese cloth covering, tacked ready for use; price..... \$3.48



Xmas Handkerchiefs for Men.

12c For Men's Fine Cambric Hemmed Initial Handkerchiefs, same in all linen, 25c or 6 in box, \$1.25.

25c For fine quality Hemstitched Silk Handkerchiefs, with handsome embroidered initial; better grades at 40c, 50c and 75c.

OUR BIG SHOE DEPARTMENT. LADIES', GIRLS' AND BOYS' SHOES.

Holiday crowds are making our big Shoe Department a convenient stopping place. And why not? Our chic styles in Women's Cloth, Felt and Quilted Slippers, Nullifiers and Juliettes, the natty lines of Men's Slippers in big assortment, offer a temptation hard to resist. You are undoubtedly looking for an appropriate Xmas present—then see our own ideas in Holiday Footwear for the home.

For the Street we suggest our

- \$2.48 Women's Mannish Boot, made in lace, welt, stock tips.
- \$1.98 Women's Heavy and Light Sole Boots, with patent leather or stock tips.
- \$1.48 Women's Boots. These are exceptional values.

Boys' School Shoes at

For the Girls our

- \$1.98 Street Boot, made with the 2-lift heel-lace, patent tip.
- \$1.48 Spring Heel Lace and Button, heavy and light soles.
- \$1.24 Good Value—made for heavy and light wear.

Little Gent's Serviceable Shoes at \$1.24

SPECIAL—Women's Felt Nullifiers, hand-sewn, 68c.

Dressing
Sacques

Elderdown Dressing Sacque in solid blue, red, yellow, gray or fancy stripe outlin cloth, full front, bell sleeves, finished all around with crocheted edge 74c

Good quality Elderdown Dressing Sacque, in blue, red or gray, turn-down collar, finished with crocheted edge and silk ornaments down the front 98c

Extra quality Elderdown Dressing Sacque, front, around the bottom, collar and sleeves trimmed with satin ribbon and \$1.24

Ladies'
Underwear.Ladies' fine Egyptian Cotton
Placed-lined Union Suits, Oneida
style, cream or gray; regular 50c
quality, for 35cLadies' extra heavy Egyptian
Cotton Placed-lined Union Suits,
Oneida style, fancy silk crocheted;
regular 75c quality, for 50cLadies' ultra fine and extra
heavy Egyptian Cotton
Placed-lined Union Suits,
Oneida or gray; regular fitting,
cream or gray; regular 50c
quality, for 75cLadies' fine Maco Cotton Hose, double soles,
heels and toes, in plain black and fancy stripes;
regular 25c quality, for 19cLadies' extra fine East Black All-wool Cash
mere Hose, double soles, heels and toes;
regular 50c quality, for 35cLadies' extra fine Cetop and Light Hose, in
all the newest patterns, stripes, figures, dots
and fancy silk embroidered 49cLadies'
Hosiery.Ladies' fine Maco Cotton Hose, double soles,
heels and toes, in plain black and fancy stripes;
regular 25c quality, for 19cLadies' extra fine East Black All-wool Cash
mere Hose, double soles, heels and toes;
regular 50c quality, for 35cLadies' extra fine Cetop and Light Hose, in
all the newest patterns, stripes, figures, dots
and fancy silk embroidered 49cChatelaine
Bags.24c For Ladies' pretty Leather Chatelaine
Bags, in black or brown; the newest
shapes.49c For a nice quality Leather Chatelaine
Bag, in brown or gray, with outside
pocket; extra value.

Our Extensive Blanket & Comfort Dept.

White Honeycomb Bed Spreads, in beautiful floral patterns, hemmed, ready for use, worth 75c; our price 50c

White Honeycomb Bed Spreads, in 11x4 sizes, in very pretty floral patterns, hemmed ready for use, worth \$1.50; our price \$1.00

White Honeycomb Bed Spreads, in extra large sizes, in very pretty, up-to-date patterns, hemmed ready for use, worth \$1.75; our price \$1.25

The greatest bargains ever offered in All-wool White and Colored Blankets, in 10x4 sizes, in fancy colored borders of pink, blue and red, edges bound in heavy silk, worth \$4.50; our price \$3.50

All-wool California Blankets, in 12x4 sizes, colors, white, gray and red, extra values, edges bound in silk, worth \$7.00; our price \$5.00

We have just received a full line of All-wool California Blankets, in white only, extra large sizes, 12x4, beautiful, solid colored borders of pink, blue, red and orange, edges bound and crocheted; prices ranging from \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00

Home-made Comforts in full sizes, made of fancy colored Madras Cloth on one side and Figured Red Calico on the other, good cotton filling \$1.98

Extra values in French Sateen Comforts, made in exquisite floral patterns on both sides, full sizes, best of carded cotton filling \$3.50

Bargains in elegant French Sateen Eiderdown Comforts, in medium sizes, in beautiful floral patterns; price \$4.98

Men's Furnishing Goods For Xmas.

25c For Men's and Boys' extra quality Suspenders, with leather or moiré hair ends.

50c For Men's Fine Silk Suspenders, with silk or leather end, put up in a box in a handsome box.

50c For Men's High-grade Novelties Silk Teck Ties, in large assortment, latest colorings, put up one in box.

75c For our Fine Quality Silk Doublet and Imperials, one in a handsome box.

75c For Men's Silk-lined Quilted Oxford Mufflers, put up one in a box.

\$1.00 For Men's Fine Quality Silk Large Size Harvard Muffler, put up one in a box.

98c For Men's Fine Imported Pure Silk Sox, latest coloring, a pair in a box, for \$2.75.

\$1.90 For Dent's English Dress and Street Gloves, in all popular shades and weights.

\$2.40 For Men's All-wool Custom-tailored Jersey Office Coats, in black and navy blue.

\$3.50 And up to \$6.00 for Handsome Finished Two-toned All-wool Smoking Jackets, all fresh, clean and new stock.

\$3.00 For Men's Full Large Blanket Bath Robes, handsome colors, finer qualities up to \$8.00.

\$1.00 Just received another lot of those handsome Thistle Down Night Robes for men, sold everywhere for \$1.50.

Rugs, Lace Curtains and Portieres.

\$1.90 For a Handsome Moquette Rug, size 27x63, in beautiful soft rich colorings, regular \$2.50 values.

\$2.00 For a Beautiful Smyrna Rug, size 3 feet by 6 feet, regular price \$3.50.

\$4.50 For the latest style of Combination Fur Rugs, in black bear and fawn colored, in animal shape, size 30x63 inches, cheap at \$5.00.

69c For a Three Panel Screen, 3 feet high, filled with silkoline.

98c For a Three Panel Screen, 5 feet high, in mahogany and oak.

\$1.89 For a Three Panel Screen, 5 feet high, filled with dainty colored silkolinens.

\$3.00 Per pair for 3½ and 4 yd. Lace Curtains, 56 and 60 inches wide, in elegant designs, finished with strong button hole edge.

\$1.98 Per pair for Satin Finished Damask Portieres, 3 yards long, finished with heavy tassel fringe top and bottom.

\$2.98 Per pair for Heavy Ottoman Ribbed Portieres, in all shades, finished with heavy tassel fringe top and bottom.

BACON'S J. BACON & SONS BACON'S

BET. 3D AND 4TH—MARKET STREET—BET. 3D AND 4TH.

MARKET STREET.

EW FIRM

AT AN

Old Stand.

I am again in business at the old stand of Hubbuch Bros., 1106-1108 West Market street, where I have an entirely new and carefully-selected stock of

Wall Paper,
Carpets,
Rugs,
lace Curtains,
Etc., Etc.

I have long experience in the business and the belief that I know how to meet the requirements of the people.

I cordially invite my old friends and customers to call on me.

Joseph Hubbuch, Sr.

1106-1108 W. Market.

CKINGHAM
ENCING TIME DEC. 15
day, Saturday

DOINGS IN FRANKFORT.

Y. M. I. Elects Officers and the

Ladies' Auxiliary Arrang-

ing For a Ball.

[Special Correspondence of the Kentucky Irish American.]

FRANKFORT, KY., Dec. 13.—On Sun-

day afternoon last the regular annual

election of officers of Lambert Young

Council, Young Men's Institute No. 161, was

held and more interest shown in the

outcome of the election than in any

previous one for the past several years,

which was in a great part doubtless due

to the phenomenal increase in membership

during the past five months.

The first of last July the council had a mem-

bership of only twenty-seven, but now has

almost reached seventy, and each week

marks new additions and applications for

admission. Their handsome club rooms

in the Mason & Lodge building, corner

St. Clair and Main streets, have been

undergoing a complete remodeling during

the past month and when completed will

doubtless be the handsomest in Central

Kentucky. The following is a list of the

officers elected for the ensuing year:

Chaplain—Rev. Thos. S. Major.

President—D. J. McNamara.

First Vice President—Geo. B. Salender.

Second Vice President—John R. Sower.

Recording Secretary—Owen T. Carty.

Treasurer—John A. Branson.

Financial Secretary—James McGurk.

Treasurer—John Grant.

Marshal—John H. Danahy.

Inside Sentinel—Bernard Wallace.

Outside Gusr—Joseph Bourgeois.

Executive Committee—John J. Woods.

Chairman—Mike Dowd, James T. McCarty, M. J. Murphy, John F. Illes.

Medical Examiner—Dr. William J. Foley.

Corresponding Secretary—J. Sower, Jr.

Marshal—John H. Lutkemeyer.

Inside Sentinel—W. A. Downey.

Outside Sentinel—Laurent Newman.

Executive Committee—J. P. Hanley.

James Heaney, C. J. Weitzel.

Decided to recommend the

woman for Council Dep-

LEXINGTON Y. M. I.

Name Officers For Next Year
and Expect to Enjoy
Themselves.

[Special Letter to the Kentucky Irish American.]

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec. 13.—On Sun-

day afternoon last Barry Council, Young

Men's Institute No. 144, held their regular

annual election of officers to serve during

the ensuing year. There was a very large

attendance of the members and a lively</